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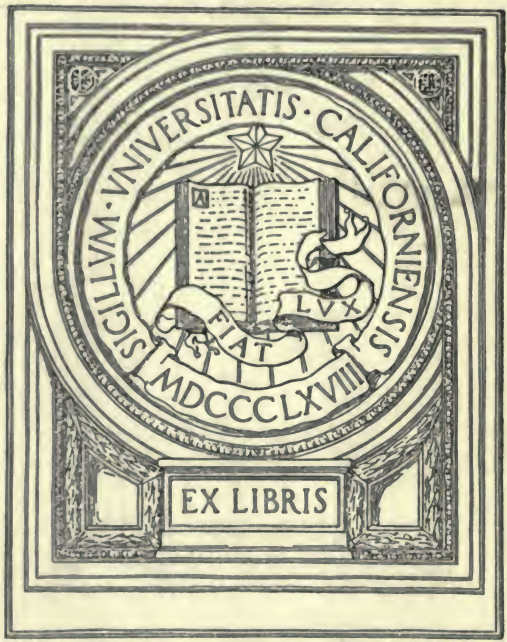
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MOODS AND EMOTIONS

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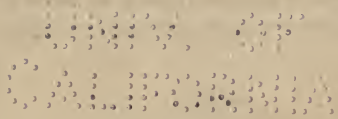

By H. A. R.

Randall, H A

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TO

Our Friends the Newspapers,

IN WHOSE COLUMNS THESE POEMS FIRST SAW THE LIGHT,

THIS VOLUME

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MOODS AND EMOTIONS.

THE SHADOW.

Upon my mind's horizon,
In the morning light it lay;
On the very verge of fancy,
In the distance far away:
And as it lay there floating
'Mid visions new and warm,
I had no thought the tiny thing
Would ever bring me harm.

But I learned, ere evening gathered,
That vapor may contain
In its shining folds, in a sunny sky,
The coldest kind of rain;

That what we deem too trifling
To mar our happiness,
Is often but the bursting germ
That grows to wretchedness.

CRITICISM.

Give the pots of thy neighbor a rigid inspection:
You'll see by so doing, on a little reflection,
The flaws in thine own will escape detection.

OUR ANCESTORS.

List, ye modern men and maidens,
To the burden of my song:
I will tell ye all how silly
People were in days agone.

Think not I with sacrilegious
Pen would sully their good name,
Or a single ink-drop spatter
O'er the brightness of their fame.

But at many of their customs,
Which were most absurdly queer,
My rebellious nose will turn up
With a disrespectful sneer;—

For in those benighted ages
Ladies dressed so loose and free,
That their forms were moulded just as
God intended they should be.

They, in their infatuation,
Carried this to such degrees,
Burst they never hook or button
When indulging in a sneeze.

Little knew they of the graceful
Pipe-stale figures they might bear,
Had they only been as witty
As our more enlightened fair.

And they saw no sense or reason —
Pity them, ye modern belles! —
In the wearing whole dry-goods stores,
To attract the brainless swells.

And, will ye believe it, fair ones, —
Ye who sleep on downy beds? —
In those barbarous times, the ladies
Wore their bonnets on their heads; —

Were so foolish as to deem it
Common sense to wear them so;
Never dreaming they were fashioned
Only for a senseless show.

And they simply called them bonnets;
Somehow strangely thinking that
They would not be deemèd vulgar
If they did not wear a hat.

And the men (benighted creatures!)
Promenaded through the town,
With their pants so loosely fashioned
That they could with ease sit down; —

Wore upon their heads a covering
Made for comfort and for ease;
Scorning the unique "ram beaver:"
What unmitigated geese!

I believe — the barbarous fellows! —
They would think us very clowns,
Could they see us skilful poising
These huge steeples on our crowns.

When these heathens met together,
As we moderns often do,
To indulge in social pleasure,
And to court the lassies too, —

(As I hope to die a Christian,
What I tell is strictly true;
Though, no doubt, 'twill seem a fiction,
Modern men and maids, to you),—

All their thoughts and words and actions
Were endowed with common sense:
Modern beaux have learned full wisely
With such folly to dispense.

They set up a curious standard,—
That the mind bespoke the man;
But *we* know it can't effect it
Half so well as tailors can.

So you see I have not slandered
Men or maidens in their grave;
Shown you only how absurdly
Our forefathers did behave.

Then how dearly should we cherish
Our more wise, enlightened ways!
How rejoiced we were not born in
Those absurd and vulgar days!

HOME-CHARITY.

Why go o'er the sea a-giving
  Foreign beggars needed alms,
With so many paupers living
  At our doors with outstretched palms?

Blessings are by no means purer,
  Though they from afar have come;
Nor than this an adage truer, —
  "Charity begins at home."

There are thirsty deserts nearer
  Than Sahara's wilderness;
And o'er them our way is clearer,
  And our duty none the less.

There is many a bitter grieving
  In the hovel o'er the way;
Many a pang for our relieving
  Cometh to us day by day.

Pity, then, need not go hieing
For a practice o'er the sea:
It can find, without much trying,
Enough at home of misery.

A BALLAD.

"Ah! the traitor need not boast him that my
foolish heart is broke;"
And the maiden's eyes flashed brightly and
proudly as she spoke.
"Though I trusted in the promise that his lying
lips did tell,
And believed, that as I loved him, I was loved
by him as well;
Though mistaken in the idol which my foolish
heart had set
Up for more than idol-worship, I will whisper no
regret.
He shall never know the anguish which his faith-
lessness hath brought,
Nor enjoy a smile of triumph o'er the ruin he
has wrought.

I will show him, by my conduct, by my free and
happy air,
How an insult to her feelings a woman's heart can
bear;
I will show him, — yes, I'll show him;" and
the maiden set about
Rubbing from her heart-leaves tender all love's
dear impressions out;
For by being always merry and the gayest 'mong
the gay,
Thought the very foolish maiden, she would
drive them all away;
She would go among the thoughtless, — they who
never pause to think, —
And amid a whirl of pleasures, would of Lethe's
waters drink.
"I can do it! I will do it!" and the maiden
proudly spoke;
"For the traitor shall not boast him, that my
foolish heart is broke."
Yet, despite her words of gladness and her ring-
ing laugh of mirth,
Lived that maiden, 'mong the thoughtless, the
saddest thing of earth;

For despite her resolutions, would her thoughts
go back again
To that false, and yet beloved one, she was trying
to disdain.
Often, when admirers listened to the merry songs
she sung,
Would the music-notes of gladness seem to falter
on her tongue;
Often, when her joy seemed speaking from her
sparkling eye of blue,
Would a tear there strangely glisten, and speak
its language too, —
A language, though in silence, that most plainly
did express
How the maiden's bosom nourished the germ of
wretchedness, —
That germ so deeply planted by the base deceiver's
art,
That it fed and grew and flourished on the ruins
of her heart, —
A heart whose only error, if error such can be,
Was a wild devotion unto him, whose faults she
could not see.

And, traitor! wouldst thou know her fate, — go,
when the silent night
Revealeth yonder tombstones with pale, sepulchral
light;
Go sit upon the dewy turf, and read aloud the
lie,
Upon those stones engraven, as to wherefore she
did die.
If thy traitor-heart remembers, it will tell to thee,
in truth,
The disease that crushed her happiness and life
in early youth;
And if thou in thy heartlessness hath no repent-
ant thought,
Enjoy a smile of triumph o'er the ruin thou hast
wrought;
But if of godlike manliness thou hast a shadow
yet,
Oh! breathe above her sleeping dust thy murmurs
of regret.

A SMILE.

THERE is a power — a mystic power —
That glows within a smile ;
That's felt in dark misfortune's hour
To brighten and beguile ;
That lends the soul a kindly cheer
When sorrow's blasts blow high,
And drives away the pensive tear
That dims the downcast eye.

It, too, can curse as well as bless ;
Can blight as well's beguile ;
For it doth unbelief express,
And scorn looks through a smile.
It cheers, it brightens, and beguiles ;
Can flatter and disguise ;
It blights, it blackens, and reviles ;
It damns, and it defies.

CHILDHOOD.

Can I forget that happy day,
When hand in hand we roved together;
When not a cloud obscured our way,
But all around was sunny weather;
When every star that shone at eve
Seemed radiant with love and gladness,
And untried hope could not believe
The future would bring aught of sadness?

Forget it! No: remembrance will,
Through every phase of this world's seeming,
Bring back those hours of childhood still,
With all their varied pleasures teeming;
And dearer yet, as then more dark
May grow my morning, noon, and even,
Will they become, where'er my bark
Shall be on Life's drear ocean driven.

MY PIPE.

Why has my harp so long been hushed,
And wherefore mute my tongue,
While yet thy virtues and thy charms
Remain, old friend, unsung?

It may not be; for I will fill
Thy quaint capacious bowl
With weed, whose balmy fragrance can
Delight and lull my soul.

And I will draw my easy-chair
Before yon blazing hearth;
And there, in soft, luxurious ease,
I'll muse upon thy worth.

'Tis now full nigh a score of years
Since first thou didst delight
My sanctum with thy virgin charms, —
Didst bless my eager sight.

And since, we have been constant friends,
'Mid Fortune's varied weather ;
Have, like the ivy and the oak,
Braved all its blasts together.

So when I, from my fireside bright,
Look back upon the past,
And mark how oft its fairest scenes
Misfortune's clouds o'ercast, —

My heart, with honest, friendly warmth,
Goes out to thee, old friend ;
For thou didst to my troubled soul
Sweet, soothing solace send.

And oft, when gloomy doubts and cares
Came crowding on my brain,
And life seemed only, at its best,
A burden and a pain, —

Thy genial influence hath subdued
My agitated breast ;
Hath banished every boding ill,
And lulled my heart to rest.

And thou hast shared my merry mood
As well as saddened vein,
And as promotive art of mirth
As comforting in pain.

And as I watch thy smoke in strange,
Fantastic forms ascend, —
That seem to writhe and twist and nod,
And oddly bow and bend, —

The air seems peopled with a train
Of Fancy's fairy fays,
Where oft my Muse doth cull the gems
That ornament her lays.

Let no one censure, then, the love
I bear, old friend, to thee,
Nor sneer because I celebrate
My pipe in poesy.

THE BROKEN IDOL.

At its shrine we'd been kneeling so long, —
Of our earnest devotion a token, —
That we could not believe such worship was wrong,
Or our idol conceive could be broken.

O Father! forgive, if vows, to thee due,
We gave to that idol of earth:
We bear thy reproof in the fragments that strew,
And the gloom that o'ershadows, our hearth.

CATECHISM.

On earth's broad, laborious field,
Brothers, are you ready
All your aid to promptly yield,
With courage true and steady?
Have you schooled your hearts to bear
Danger, sorrow, anger?
Will they quail not anywhere
In life's battle-clangor?

Can you meet the haughty glance
Pride will often fling you,
Trusting not to fickle Chance
Your redress to bring you?
Can you work, with earnest zeal,
In humble fields of labor,
And no foolish envy feel
Towards your wealthy neighbor?

Are your purposes most high,
Not mere base and sordid?
Boldly can you live and die,
By men unrewarded?
Do you feel each word and deed
Thus should represent you,
That, if rightly judged, your meed
Of praise would well content you?

Have you learned this noble creed,
As a guide for living?—
Have an open ear to need,
Ready hand for giving;
Courage that with ready feet
Will prompt you to go ever
Always your half-way to meet
Any good endeavor.

TO ANNIE.

Lovely being! when before me
Flits thine image ever bright,
Pleasant thoughts come stealing o'er me;
Swells my soul with pure delight.
Though not oft, indeed, I've met thee,
Though a stranger to thy way,
Yet I vainly would forget thee, —
All in vain my feelings sway.

I have gazed on many a maiden,
Decked in Beauty's fairy form,
Bright as sparkle flowers dew-laden
At the hour of rosy morn;
Free as trips the foot of childhood;
Graceful as the wild gazelle;
Gay as warblers of the wildwood;
Pure as lilies of the dell.

Yet e'en as the moon's soft beaming
  Fades before the god of day,
So thy beauty, brightly gleaming,
  Drives them — lesser lights — away.
Then, oh! let thy bright beams never
  From my path fade quite away;
But, contented, let me ever
  Bask beneath their genial ray.

WEARINESS.

Weary of this ceaseless striving
For earthly happiness;
Weary of these vain contrivings,
Of these plots and cold connivings;
Seeking, and yet ne'er arriving
At the goal, — success.

Weary of this slavish fawning
At God Mammon's shrine;
"Weary waiting" for the dawning
Of the freedom-blushing morning
That old tyrants have been scorning
With their "right divine."

Weary of this patient waiting
For dreams to be fulfilled, —

Dreams that have been hourly sating
Faith and hope, the heart elating;
One another one creating,
Till the brain was filled.

Weary of this mournful sighing
O'er the vanished past;
Singing dirges o'er the dying
Flowers upon our pathway lying,
That did bloom, the stars outvying,
Till their sky o'ercast.

Weary of this steady facing
Ills, for sake of fame;
Weary of this fruitless chasing
Hopes; and with our fingers tracing,
For the idle winds' erasing,
On the sands our name.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

Brightly shines her blue eye on me,
As it shone in days gone by;
Lips and cheeks that half undone me,
Brow and bosom, all are nigh,—
All with that content expression
Pretty maidens' faces take,—
Maids who think it no transgression,
Should they cause one's heart to break.

Wilful, you would say, the owner
Was of such a lip and eye;
And you'd swear so, had you known her
Half as long or well as I.
Conscious of the power within her,
Hearts she rules with regal sway;
And 'tis best for saint or sinner,
Who values his, to keep away.

Will they, — do they, — has the schooling
Some have got yet taught the rest
How much fun there is in fooling,
When a damaged heart's the test?
No: methinks around her thronging,
As they did some years ago,
The million come with fruitless longing:
Bright-eyed maiden, is't not so?

THE HUNTER'S SONG.

Let poets sing of war and love,
And rave about fair woman's eyes;
Let delving bookworms strive to prove
What no one's common sense denies; —

Let statesmen spout and pea-nuts eat,
And wisely frown and swear and fight;
Let lawyers deal in damned deceit,
And stoutly swear that black is white: —

Their various joys I envy not;
Ah, no! I'd not be one of 'em;
For, by the world, how soon forgot
Is every mother's son of 'em!

But give to me the hunter's life,
Where baying dogs and bounding doe
Dispel the thoughts of worldly strife,
And bid man's nobler feelings flow.

I love, I love the merry chase,
The opening pack, the winding horn,
The antlered monarch of the waste
Stretched lifeless on the dewy lawn.

Let others kneel at Pleasure's shrine,
And boast the raptures of a "spree;"
But, ah! a hunter's joy be mine,—
A hunter's merry life for me!

TO THOSE WHO PASSED THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

Tyrants! would ye overawe
  Justice, honor, reason,
By a semi-barbarous law,
  Making it high treason
For an honest man to aid
  An escaping brother,
Whom accursed wrong has made
  Slave unto another?

Dare ye impiously proclaim
  That your cause is just,
And with perjured lips defame
  Freedom's glorious trust?
Is't your mission to sustain,
  Foster, cherish, nurse,
Wrong proved o'er and o'er again
  Nothing but a curse?

Though your acts may now compel
The North to bend the knee,
The veriest fool may tell
What the end will be.
Right and reason, soon or late,
Will surely win the race;
And your law, with sin its mate,
Be branded with disgrace.

TO _____

Lone in a stranger land
  Is he to-night:
Bright though the stars be,
  He heeds not their light.
Gone is his yearning heart, —
  Gone o'er the sea;
Back where it should have been, —
  Ever with thee.

Where are the "golden dreams"
  Which he hath chased,
Leading him far away
  Over Life's waste?
Now, when above its sea
  Skies have grown dark,
His soul, like a weary dove,
  Hies to its ark.

Is thy mind faithful
To memory yet,—
Thou *one* from the million
He cannot forget?
Now, when his sleepless eyes
Tears have made dim,
Hast thou a single thought,
Maiden, for him?

DUTY.

Unpledged to the law of party;
  Unswayed by the foolish fear,
That, of all the good it doeth,
  There's few in the world will hear, —

It stands by the couch of anguish
  In the chill and cheerless home;
And its voice and look of kindness
  Bless all unto whom they come; —

Leaves not a path untrodden;
  Leaves not a chance untried
To throw o'er those benighted
  The light of a welcome guide; —

Nerves many a heart, nigh broken
  By the crushing weight of ill,
To battle with life's misfortune
  With a high and brave hope still; —

Works not for the slave opinion;
Heeds not the public sneer;
For God is the only master
And critic it seems to fear.

TO A GIFTED SINGER.

Song is sweet, O gifted singer!
Every heart-chord it doth wake:
At thy shrine we workers linger,
Bound by spells we cannot break.
Not by Beauty's dazzling vision
Dost thou draw our souls to thee;
But by moments half Elysian,
Listening to thy melody.

CONTRASTS.

Ah! what is life? A varied scene
Of pleasure and of pain,
Of hopes and joys, that cheer to-day;
To-morrow, fly again.

Now o'er the landscape of our life
Hope sheds a genial ray;
The sun of love unclouded shines;
And all is glorious day.

Now gloomy clouds of sorrow shade
The landscape once so bright;
And not one star of gladness lights
The soul's dark, dreary night.

Now calmly flows the tide of life
Adown the stream of time;
And, all along its banks, bright flowers
And vines in beauty climb.

Now threatening storms howl o'er its wave;
Its billows foaming roar,
And, in their maddened fury, lash
And desolate the shore.

To-day, the heart beats quick with joy,
And life seems — oh, how sweet!
The earth seems fair, and lavishly
Casts pleasures at our feet.

To-morrow, gloom is in the soul;
Life seems a dreary waste;
Earth smiles not; fled are all the joys
But yesterday we traced.

All, all is change, — a varied scene
Of pleasure and of pain,
Of hopes and joys, that cheer to-day;
To-morrow, fly again.

THE PROMISE.

She hath spoken the vow
  That binds them together ;
And her lips on his brow
  Have sealed it for ever.
Not a shadow of fear
  On her young heart is lying ;
But that joy she has here
  Will live on undying.

With faith deep and strong
  In the love which hath bound her,
She feareth no wrong
  From the ill world around her ;
For, should sorrow e'er come,
  And false friends forsake her,
Hath she not got a home
  In his heart to betake her ?

Hath she not? The reply
  Is with him who hath won her, —
Who can heap misery
  Or enjoyment upon her.
Then will he betray
  A faith so abiding,
Or by coldness repay
  A heart so confiding?

LOVE.

Is there one among those, "the chosen of fame,"
  For whose brow a bright garland the Muses have wove,
Who has not, in the effort of winning a name,
  Owed much for success to the magic of love?

YOUTH.

How bright are the pleasures that gladden our
youth,
When the soul knows no sorrow, the heart is all
truth ;
The mind full of freedom, unshackled by care !
The earth seems all sunny, the future all fair ;
No clouds cast a gloom o'er the sun on its way,
As it brightens the landscape of life into day,—
The face beaming pleasure, the eye lit with joy ;
No cares for the morrow, to mingle alloy
With its purest of pleasures, its fulness of mirth,
'Tis the May-day of life, the Eden of earth !
How sad would its brightest, its best moments
prove,
Had not the All-Wise, in his wisdom and love,
Cast a veil o'er the future of sorrow and care
Gay youth ne'er suspects is awaiting him there,
E'en as the smooth surface of waters that flow
O'er eddies that trouble their dark depths below !

DOUBT.

So it seems thou dost doubt
In my love for thee, dearest:
Though thou speakest not out,
There is something thou fearest.
By that sigh, on the night
When alone we were straying,
Know I fears, not quite right,
In thy breast need allaying.

Thou dost doubt! I perceive,
By thy voice's low tremble,
That thou dost believe
That my heart doth dissemble:
I perceive that the hours
Of reliance are flying;
That the "leaves and the flowers"
Of true love are dying.

Thou dost doubt! 'Tis a foe
That is coming between us:
From the wound of his blow
There is nothing can screen us.
Lest our faith it remain
In each other unshaken,
Love's joy, not its pain,
From our bosoms is taken.

IMPROMPTU ON THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS MOORE.

The sweetest bard that ever sung,
The unwelcome hand of Death
Gathered his ghastly crew among,
When Moore resigned his breath.

THE OWL.

THE owl, I presume, is a poet;
For he seems to be always in thought;
And the foolish allurements of pleasure
He wisely esteemeth as nought.
And when night its mantle of darkness
O'er hill and o'er valley has flung,
A thinker, his thoughts seek expression,
And his heart finds its way to his tongue.

'Mid the boughs of some forest-tree olden,
All the day he sits brooding alone;
And little for "sayings" he careth,
If he be undisturbed in his own.
Away from the world that is merry,
He thinketh with earnestness deep
O'er the wisdom he gathers from nature
When the rest of the world is asleep.

And I fancy I see a resemblance
'Twixt many a poet and he;
Since, in much of the singing of either,
How few are there beauty can see!
And yet, such resemblance to balance,
This difference there certainly is, —
The owl hoots his own rhymèd numbers;
The poet is hooted for his.

ARMOR.

Choose for thy helmet, not a steel plate, but brass:
Though not quite as strong, yet the latter one has
A more fitting look for the brow of an ass.

SADNESS.

In my bosom sorrow reigneth;
Soul and sense are sick with care;
Bitterly my heart complaineth
At the load it needs must bear.

Oh! there are, amid earth's pleasures,
Hours of bitter gloom and grief,
When our dearest worldly treasures
Bring to sorrowing no relief;—

When the soul, o'erwhelmed with sadness,
Calls on earthly aid in vain
To restore its wonted gladness,
To revive old joys again.

Then, oh! let—since earth no cheering
Proffers to the saddened breast—
Let our hearts those realms be nearing
"Where the weary are at rest."

PENNIES.

Gather them up, and scatter them kindly:
Many a beggar will thank you for one;
Many a fortune ye're seeking so blindly
From sources as trivial as these was begun.
Gather them up, but not for the rusting
Of the pile safely guarded by padlock and chain;
But gather and give them, and wisely be trusting
That treasure so scattered will come back again.

Gather them up, though the world call thee miser
To see thee so careful to find every *cent;*
Gather and give them, and it will grow wiser
And better, we hope, ere you have them all spent.
Gather them up, wherever they offer,
By plough or by anvil, by desk or in stall;
Gather and give them, despite of the scoffer,
And time will repay thee for each and for all.

Kindness to those who may chance to need any,
In the smoothest of pennies, may be shown by you;
Gather them, then, no matter how many;
For the more that you have, the more you may do.
Mites though they are in the bucket of treasure,
Scorn not the trifles, but bless them for aye;
Much they can win you of Heaven's own pleasure,
If only you get them, and give them away.

THE LASS OF SACHEM'S HEAD.

In memory clings her image yet;
Though merry months have fled
Since first, 'midst Pleasure's throng, I met
The lass of Sachem's Head.

Hers was an eye that quick the heart
A willing captive led;
Such heavenly glances did impart
The lass of Sachem's Head.

Hers was a form divinely fair;
And, o'er her queenly head,
In tresses strayed her jetty hair, —
The lass of Sachem's Head.

Hers was a laugh so full of glee,
So merry all she said;
A most bewitching fair was she, —
The lass of Sachem's Head.

None ever knew her but they loved;
None ever saw but said,
'Twas vain to gaze upon, unmoved,
The lass of Sachem's Head.

I saw her charms; her gaze I met;
And o'er my soul was shed
A spell that binds in memory yet
The lass of Sachem's Head.

And till the sun of life shall set,
Till soul and sense are sped,
I vow I never can forget
The lass of Sachem's Head.

HER HOME.

[A letter literally rendered from one actually in the author's possession.]

Just imagine, Sir Knight of the goosequill, —
  You who while away hours oftentimes,
Forgetfulness trying to distil
  From random ideas and rhymes, —
Just imagine a "white house," one story
  And a half, by true measurement, high,
Rather faded from primitive glory,
  And the outline is then "in your eye."

The outline established, proceed then,
  With a hand that is honest, to fill
Up the picture. Let's see: you will need then
  To be told that it stands on a hill,
Just back from the road, with a door-yard
  Filled up with rose-bushes and trees:
Facts enough to make even a poor bard
  Glow with frenzy poetic, are these.

Though there is none, yet still, as a poet
Who by license hath done so before,
Imagine a woodbine, and show it
As climbing and shading the door;
And a lattice (not window), embowered
'Mong grape-vines and flowerets sweet:
Of each and of all you're empowered,
With the fullest discretion, to treat.

And, last, you may quietly hint of,
Not an angel, but merely a girl,
Living here, whose cheeks have the tint of
The rose, and her teeth of the pearl;
Whose eyes, though at best "common blue ones,"
At least flash some glances, that say,
All the throbs of her heart, they are true ones
For one who is long miles away.

REMEMBRANCE.

I'm thinking of that summer-time,
When, with joyous steps and free,
We roamed, repeating some well-known rhyme,
By the wild and wondrous sea;
When love, in the flush of youthful prime,
Was all to you and me.

I'm thinking of those walks by night
When the moonlight shone so clear;
When heaven seemed sending its own delight
To earth's sin-shrouded sphere;
And all that was lovely and pure and bright
Seemed unto us how near!

I'm thinking of vows we whispered then
By the wild and wondrous sea,
Afar from the eyes and ears of men,
As ever such vows should be, —

Vows that were uttered again and again,
That they might not broken be.

I'm thinking of that which fills the place
Of many a burning vow;
For a sneering lip, and a passionless face,
And a cold, unchanging brow,
On which Memory seems to print no trace,
Is all that is left me now.

LOVE.

Oh! sweet it is to have one heart,
One bosom, all thine own, —
One soul still firm and true to thee,
When other friends have flown!

Oh! if the earth can give one joy,
If life has aught of bliss,
It is when cheered by woman's smile,
Enraptured by her kiss.

The heartless wretch may scoff at love, —
May scorn its purest ray;
But, oh! the soul that's pure must own,
Must bow before, its sway.

I ask not for the world's applause;
I care not for its frown:
Its joys are all too cold for me;
A bawble its renown.

I ask but for one faithful heart,
One being fond and true:
Ah! then, cold world, farewell, farewell!
And all your cares, adieu!

DISTRUST.

Oh! it hath come to blight
Our flowers of love just blowing;
And we shall feel no more delight
On the life-voyage we are going.
The far too fond belief,
We'd found earth's purest treasure,
Hath fled; and deep-abiding grief
Our hearts now only measure.

A gulf between us lies;
A treacherous bridge hangs over;
For always, to distrustful eyes,
Dark doubts and dangers hover.
By frequent jest and smile,
We scoff what the world is saying;
But vainly; for a fiend, meanwhile,
Upon our lives is preying.

Regret — it cannot now
  Restore love's chain so rended, —
Renew again the burning vow:
  They are broke, ne'er to be mended.
Our faith and hope, which in days
  Gone by were linked together,
Are going now, by devious ways,
  To meet no more for ever.

TO A FELLOW-WORKER.

Thy hand, my brother-toiler:
  There's something in its grasp
That tells me 'tis no shadow
  Or useless thing I clasp;
But the lever of an earnest will,
  Of an honest heart and true,
That finds in this world labor;
  And, finding, dares to do.

Thy lips have learned to whimper
  No thoughts thou canst not feel:
Upon thy brow was never set
  Hypocrisy's false seal.
There's a candor in thy bluntness,
  In thy rugged form of speech,
Worth more than all the smoothness
  False etiquette can teach.

Then take my hand, my brother,
And an earnest word of cheer,
To make more strong thy growing hope
And confidence of fear.
There's many a real honor
Thy honest brow should wear;
And yet thy hand will earn them,
If thy heart does not despair.

THE MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

He is not one who gives to care
His idle thoughts or idle hours:
His heart is proof against despair,
And lightly beats 'mid sun and showers.
The ills of life cannot destroy
This faith, — within him ever burning, —
That life is but a lasting joy,
Which all might share, were they discerning.

And so, unheeding taunt or sneer,
Or gloomy doubt or vain regretting,
He lives contented in his sphere, —
No anxious cares his bosom fretting;
Believing all as idle stuff
The talk of sorrows never-ending:
The world for him is good enough,
And also towards a better tending.

SONG.

"We shall meet again."

THE seal of death is on my brow:
Ah! must I go, and leave thee now?
Yet let thy heart from grief refrain;
For, loved one! we shall meet again.

Oh! I have loved thee, dearly loved;
And ne'er my heart a truant roved:
But, ah! believe, 'twas not in vain;
For, loved one! we shall meet again.

Adieu, adieu! Fast ebbs away
The tide of life that nerves this clay:
I go yon starry world to gain;
Yet, loved one! we shall meet again.

Yes: in those blissful realms above, —
Where all is peace, where all is love,
Where ne'er our hearts shall know of pain, —
There, loved one! we shall meet again.

STANZAS.

Condemn not hastily: unto the erring,
A word of kindness often may do good:
"Do better, brother," is a voice recurring
In daily talk less often than it should.

Why steel the heart, why turn the scornful shoulder,
Against the man already cowed by shame?
Our cold contempt but makes the sinner bolder;
Our pity might perhaps redeem his fame.

Give but one word, — a simple, earnest token, —
That tells him there is, within a human breast,
A link of love for him as yet unbroken,
And he reflects: repentance does the rest.

Like us, he may have been all joy and gladness
In other days, when life to him was young;

When childhood dreamed not of his manhood's
madness,
The chords of human feeling all unstrung.

Like us, he may have had a sister, brother,
With whom he sported and was guileless then;
Like us, he must have known the love of mother;
In kindly words, he hears her voice again.

And this is all: there is no use in wreaking
Our scorn on sinners, — sinning to contemn;
But, by the words of kindness we are speaking,
Save often those whom others would condemn.

THE TYRANT.

"Old Winter has come! The wind is his whip;
One choppy finger was on his lip:
He had torn the cataracts from the hills;
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles."

SHELLEY.

CLOSED was the bloodless yet fatal fray;
And the victor cold had secured his prey;
And his banner waved, all icy and white,
O'er vanquished stream and surmounted height.

And the blooming fields of the summer, where
Its tents had been pitched, were frozen and bare:
By lake and by stream, in nook and in cleft,
Not a vestige of what had been there was left.

And the stern old warrior smiled to see
How complete he had won his victory;
And he inly said, "He's a ruler poor
Who a conquered realm fails to make secure."

And his edicts proclaimed, "'War to the knife'
Was the war I wagèd life against life:
I've won; and the losers cannot complain
If I cripple them now, lest they harm me again."

So he straightway disarmed and he slew them all, —
The young, the brave, and the beautiful;
And so subtle was he, that he could not trust
In death itself; so he guarded their dust

With double chains; for it seems he had heard
And believed what so many considered absurd, —
That the slave may die at the master's hour,
But his spirit still live to oppose his power.

So he guarded their dust with his chains of frost:
"The forfeit is mine, and shall not be lost,"
Said he: and his brow it grew cold and raw,
And his breath the same; and they both were law.

Yet, despite of his chains and his power to kill,
Despite of his guards and his stubborn will,

The captives escaped one morning in spring,
And challenged to battle the stern old king.

And the edict went forth, "War to the knife!"
And the stern old chief prepared for the strife;
But he soon discovered he had no friends,
And his courage *oozed out* at his fingers' ends.

So he slunk away; and his chains were broke
From the dust they bound: and the dust awoke;
And the graves he had peopled gave up their dead;
And the summer's tents were again respread.

REFLECTIONS.

Away, away with notes of mirth,
And cease the festive strain;
For sorrow stirs within my soul;
There's sadness on my brain.
Ah! what though wealth and power are ours,
And all the earth deems great;
When dark Misfortune's tempest lowers,
They aid it, not abate.

When sorrow hovers round our path,
And life seems bleak and bare;
When any ill has stung the heart,
And left its venom there;
When Death, the ruthless reaper, comes
To break some kindred tie;
And sin its toils throws round the heart,
Till it writhes in agony;—

Say where, at such a time, O man!
Is all thy boasted power?
It fades, and sinks to nothingness,
E'en as some blasted flower.
But wouldst thou consolation find,
Wouldst calm thy sorrows all,
Then learn to love and trust in Him
Who heeds the sparrow's fall.

TO A POEM.

Offspring of an hour of sorrow,
Though there's many a rugged line
Traced upon thy thoughtless forehead,
Still I love thee; for thou'rt mine.

Though deep thought and strange expression
Do not in thy face combine
To entice my soul unto thee,
Still I love thee; for thou'rt mine.

Though a stranger's eye may coldly
Gaze upon these words of thine,
And his lips proclaim them faulty,
Still I love thee; for thou'rt mine.

Though to hearts no solace bringing,
That, o'erwhelmed by grief, repine,
Still I cannot help but love thee
For the bliss thou brought'st to mine.

FORGET.

Throw oblivion o'er the past:
If, perchance, it lingers yet,
No happier trait thy bosom hast,
I'm sure, than that thou canst forget.
A single thought I would not claim
Now when thy passion all is o'er;
But, bonded with thy banished name,
Let by-gone hours return no more.

Of present bliss we ought to feel
Enough to satisfy the soul,
And not let past enjoyments steal
Into our hearts to dash the bowl.
With many a future joy untried,
No doubt more pure than those we've met,
It should not be to us denied,
If so it pleases, to forget.

And, since the future offers thus
As much of joy, and may be more
Than all the past, is't not to us
A lesson we should not ignore?
For, while we go towards future bliss
With beating heart and willing mind,
Could there be sweeter thought than this? —
We've left, at least, much pain behind.

Then do not think that I complain
In secret o'er your disregard:
I frankly ask you for disdain;
And this one prayer you'll not discard.
For, when you grant it, well you know
That I, like you, am truly able
Past hopes and joys and loves to throw,
As useless trash, "'neath Memory's table."

SONG OF THE BACHELOR.

Give me the good old bachelor,
The merry and the free,
Who laughs at matrimonial cares,
And loves his liberty.

No household cares are his to mourn;
No fretful dame to please:
No laughing rogues, with noisy glee,
Disturb his reveries.

In peace he sits him down at eve,
Enjoys his good cigar,
And muses o'er the joys and ills
Of life, of love, and war.

And, as before his cheerful fire
He reads his cherished "Flag,"
And sympathizes with the tale
Of moralist and wag,—

How many luckless wedded wights
Would give their all to be
As happy as that bachelor,
As merry and as free!

A PRIZE-TALE.

Wouldst thou get the greatest prize
  Offered for man's winning,
Be for once a little wise
  In thy tale's beginning.
Write not for a transient page,
  Nor for gold or glory;
But fill up, from youth to age,
  The plan of a life-story.

Turn, while there is time, the leaf
  Of life on which you write it,
That there may be no future grief
  Will have power to blight it.
Let thy conscience be the light
  By which thy steps are wending;
And thou wilt surely weave aright
  The plot unto its ending.

Upon the path of duty go,
  Critics all unheeding;
And be content this truth to know,
  That tales the world is reading
Are not of teachers yet the best,
  Although most schools receive them:
Let real acts thy merits test;
  No one will disbelieve them.

Crush never an impulse of thy heart
  That prompts thee to a kindness;
And, when thy readers from thee part,
  They will not part in blindness
Of merits which thou didst possess,
  And practise for the healing
Of many a poignant wretchedness
  That others had in feeling.

And so adown Life's river glide,
  Thy deeds of love not stinting;
But all around, on every side,
  Be ever thus imprinting

A chapter new of your life-tale,
With not a blur to stain it;
And, soon or late, you cannot fail,
Whate'er the prize, to gain it.

A DIRGE.

'Tis holy ground! Tread lightly here
Above our friend, the early lost;
Than whom none was, can be, more dear
To us while on Life's ocean tossed.

So very pure her inmost thought
Looked out from her deep-azure eyes,
That we believed its truth was caught
From her pure sisters in the skies.

And was it not? Could angel be
On earth more like a child of heaven,
Live here with less impurity,
Or die with less to be forgiven?

BEREAVEMENT.

'Tis night! All sad and lonely,
I sit me down, and sigh;
For joys that came, came only
When she I loved was nigh.

There is a certain feeling
Of loneliness and gloom,
That, o'er my senses stealing,
Infects the very room.

The fire burns not as brightly,
Gives not its wonted cheer;
And all things seem unsightly,
Dark, desolate, and drear.

The very clock ticks sadly,
Like the throbbing of a heart,
That, tired of life, would gladly
From all its woes depart.

So strange my mind's conjectures;
Such phantom shapes appear;
The very chairs seem spectres,
Grim, ghastly, sunk, and sear.

And all along the ceiling,
As if they joyed to mock
My saddened flow of feeling,
Foul sprites and goblins stalk.

'Tis night! All sad and lonely,
I sit me down, and sigh;
For joys that came, came only
When she I loved was nigh.

CONSCIENCE.

Come up to duty! Conscience is shaking me;
Close by the heart-strings familiarly taking me;
In my ear whispering, perfectly audible,
"Thou must do something at last that is laudable."

Now she will put off my action no longer:
Surely she speaks to me, as if the stronger;
Powerfully threatening, — somewhat conceited, —
In case of refusal, just how I'll be treated.

Towards the fulfilment of threats she now hinges;
Light though they be, these are evident twinges:
Memory, too, seemeth bent on inspecting,
Under her eye, what I've long been neglecting.

Pity has turned a quick ear to her bidding,
With tears in profusion for every one needing:

She has gone — though in truth she might have
done worse things —
Straight to my pocket, and opened my purse-
strings.

Now, while the tears and the money are flowing,
Learn I this truth, which is surely worth know-
ing, —
Conscience is gentle: only be pleasing her;
Do it but once, and nothing is easier.

CHARITY.

Self-needing so much, we may not deny
Our neighbor who asks it to-day:
His motives are pure as our own, if we try
To see them in that sort of way.
Though there be no great evil, perhaps, if we should
Think our own way the wisest and best,
There is nothing of justice — no, nothing of good —
In condemning as false all the rest.

These motives are things that are hard to find out,
Though it is now so easy to blame;
And wherefores, of which we know nothing about,
We judge as if all were the same.

But the whys and the wherefores we hold quite too cheap:
In the current of Life they deep flow;
And acts that come bubbling up from that deep
Are all of them oft that we know.

And, while friendship fails often to find out by them
The true secret cause of their birth,
The bitterest hatred should never condemn
That cause as without any worth.
There are many good traits in a foe, as a friend,
Would we read upon both sides the tale;
And the better way is over both to extend,
With equality, Charity's veil.

RETURN.

FRIEND of my soul! return, return!
From home no longer stray:
My heart is sad, I feel alone,
When thou art far away.

Slow drag the weary hours along,
That once were light and gay;
For now the light that made them bright
Has faded from my way.

And though I kneel at Pleasure's shrine,
And join the festive throng,
'Tis all in vain; for my sad heart
Still whispers, "Thou art gone!"

Then hasten, hasten to thy home;
From me no longer stray:
My heart is sad, I feel alone,
When thou art far away.

A LAMENT.

Thy words of hope no more I hear,
That filled my soul with courage true;
Thy gentle hand no more is near,
To pilot me Life's darkness through.

A seal upon thy lips is set;
Thine eyes will never more awake;
The tears with which my own are wet,
Their fearful slumbers cannot break.

The silken cord of love, that bound
Our souls as one, is torn apart;
And, through the depth of grief profound,
Alone I journey with my heart.

Yet still remembrance treasures up,
Of love's sweet chain, each trifling link;
And, though I drain of grief the cup,
It is relief at least to think.

How true was each fair promise kept,
  Whate'er the storm, to cling together!
Then why could not the wave, that swept
  One overboard, have ta'en the other?

But no: they come in such disguise,
  Though many joys they separate,
Our blessings meted from the skies;
  And we must learn to bear our fate;—

Must learn, bee-like, to gather good
  From what seems bitter in the mass;
And trust — oh that all sorrow could! —
  The promise, that the cup shall pass.

MELANCHOLY.

THE stars are looking down to-night
  Upon a sober face,
And eyes that cast dull answer back
  Show not of joy a trace;
For a secret gloom is welling up
  From the heart unto the lips,
And the light of many a happy hour
  Lies in a dark eclipse.

'Tis strange, that, when to ardent hope
  One's heart is fully bent,
As worshipper unto a shrine,
  With strong and pure intent,
That foolish whims have power to start
  Afresh forgotten fears,
And to fill our cup of promise up
  With gloom and grief and tears.

TO _____

Hail to thee, absent one!
  Bright from afar
Shines still thy gentle light,
  Sweet guiding star!

What though the Fates unkind
  Tore us apart:
Lives still thine image, love,
  Deep in this heart.

Lone as I'm musing, love,
  Through the long night,
Back to my memory throng
  Scenes oh how bright!—

Scenes of those happy days,
  Blest days of yore,
When love our lightsome hearts
  Came stealing o'er.

And dost remember, love,
That night of nights,
When through our bosoms thrilled
Love's first delights?

When shine the golden stars
Down from above,
Dost thou remember then
That first kiss of love?

And shall those happy scenes
Leave in the mind,
Though years may roll away,
No sweets behind?

Vain though the passion be,
Though hope be o'er,
Love holds her gentle sway
E'en as of yore.

Say, then, 'tis not in vain,
That from afar
Shines still thy gentle light,
Sweet guiding star!

A DREAM.

"For dreams, in their development, have breath
And tears and tortures and the touch of joy."

BYRON.

I HAD a dream the other night:
And shall I tell you what, love?
A dream it was of such delight,
It ne'er will be forgot, love.
I dreamed I was — and this was true —
World-worn by grief and care, love;
But, when arose the thought of you,
My heart was light as air, love.

My room, which had been cold before,
Without a "bit" of heat, love,
Soon grew so hot, I kicked the door
Wide open to the street, love.

The chairs began to dance about;
As also did the bed, love;
So that, when in, I tumbled out,
And nearly broke my head, love.

Of this strange dream I told a friend,
And asked him to propound, love,
The reason, and to me extend
His judgment strong and sound, love.
He answered, without any sign
Of wonder, "It is quite, sir,
Certain you'd been drinking wine,
And got most cursed 'tight,' sir."

KINDNESS.

Is it not of itself full pay
  For the hours ye spend in its doing?
Did ye ever hear any one say
  He found from it nothing accruing?
Hath experience not taught thee true,—
  Kindness is worth the bestowing,
Since love and happiness, too,
  Are the fruits that are out of it growing?

He who is deaf to its call
  Knows not of earth's pleasures the dearest;
And its path, though not crowded at all,
  To heaven, perhaps, is the nearest.
Though misfortunes have compassed it round,
  By them is the traveller gainer;
For, once the path having found,
  They make it remarkably plainer.

MY MOTHER.

Her love and her nature were blended,
And suited each other so well,
Where the bond which they formed could be mended,
'Twould be difficult, surely, to tell.
'Twas a chain so well put together,
In its strength one safely could trust,
Nor fear that a change of the weather
Would weaken its linkings with rust.
I know not the hour when she bound me, —
When with this chain she first held me fast:
I but know that in youth 'twas around me,
And to age it seems likely to last.

A FABLE.

A SQUIRREL he sat on the topmost limb
Of a fine old hickory graceful and slim:
For his breakfast he'd run over heather and heath;
And now he sat cosily picking his teeth.

And there, as he sat gently fanned by the breeze
That rustled the leaves of the old forest trees,
A poor wounded dove came and perched by his side,
And to his "Good morning" thus, trembling, replied, —

"I warn you, Sir Squirrel, to run for your life,
Lest sorrow you bring on your children and wife:
A hunter is coming with dog and with gun:
As a friend, I'd advise you, Sir Squirrel, to run.

"Take warning, I pray you, from my bleeding
breast,
And hasten away to your leaf-guarded nest."
"Poh! poh!" quoth the squirrel; "I scorn thus
to run;
I fear not the hunter, his dog, nor his gun."

"Good by, then, Sir Squirrel, ere yet 'tis too late:
I go, and I leave you alone to your fate."
Away sped the dove over heather and heath;
And the squirrel sat cosily picking his teeth.

But soon came the hunter with dog and with gun,
And then the poor squirrel would gladly have run:
But a victim he fell to his folly and pride;
And, for scorning good counsel, the poor squirrel
died.

MORAL.

We are apt to forget, in prosperity's hour,
That round our bright path dark misfortunes
may lower:
We neglect to prepare 'gainst an unhappy fate,
And mourn o'er our folly save when 'tis too late.

TO A FALSE REFORMER.

Lamenting o'er the world's decline
In virtue, wisdom, honor,
You quite forget that mostly thine
Are faults you heap upon her.
Her wide defects you plainly see,
And boldly preach about them;
But still, were fewer like to thee,
She would be quite without them.

Reform, reform! There's none deny
Its need the wide world over;
And yet how few there are that try
Its secret to discover!
How many preaching friends like you
Would seem to be pursuing
The right; and yet, by preaching, do
Conceal their own misdoing!

A FRAGMENT.

Alone, forsaken, and forgot,
Thy once-loved one knows nought but sorrow;
And in her soul no sunny spot
Is left to cheer the dreary morrow.

All, all is dark that once was bright;
And, where was heard the voice of gladness,
A withering, soul-consuming blight
Hath turned its measure into sadness.

Oh! couldst thou all my anguish know,
Couldst taste the bitter cup thou'st left me,
Thou wouldst in pity then bestow
The heart of which thou hast bereft me.

HEART AND HAND.

Much that we covet, and all that we need,
Of pleasure, of glory, or gold,
Is ours, if our hearts and our hands are agreed
To be mutually willing and bold:
The one to work out with its sinews of might,
Despite of contempt or disdain,
What the other has prompted, and knows to be right,
In striving our object to gain.

Our hearts and our hands, if they only were true
To themselves, and worked kindly together,
No matter what ill they were called to subdue,
They would win, would they only endeavor;

No matter how many the foes that surround,
They have hope that should never forsake them;
No matter how strong are the chains that have bound,
With a brave hand and heart we may break them.

No hazard in life which we may not surprise,
And plunder of much that can bless:
With our hearts and our hands as friendly allies,
We carry the key of success;
And the fortress of Fortune must open its gate,
When before it we rattle this key:
With such an ally, no power hath Fate
To shut out from fame you or me.

Though "crowded the world," there is room for us yet;
And labor will still fortune bring;
And those who must work, should by no means forget
That Chance is not the world's king.

Put the heart with the hand at the laboring oar,
Wherever thy voyage may be;
And Fortune, that's smiled on such efforts before,
Fear not, but will smile, too, on thee.

Our hearts and our hands! — oh, strengthen the will
That binds two such levers in one!
We have need of them both united, until
The goal we are seeking is won.
O dreamer! who buildeth air-castles so high,
Let thy hand work the plan of thy brain,
And thou'lt not have reason so often to sigh
That thy dreamings have all been in vain.

TO MY NEW FRIENDS.

All my thoughts are not my own
  Anywhere to spend them;
For they have to wanderers grown,
  And quite often wend them
Where perhaps I should not say
  Skies than these are clearer,
But where liveth one to-day
  Than my new friends dearer.

Blame me not; since, long before
  I came seeking, asking
You my faults to cover o'er,
  All your kindness tasking,
One there was linked me a chain,—
  Some might say a fetter:
No matter which, I cannot feign
  Aught could please me better.

Round my heart though you have wreathed
  Flowers of kindness often;
In my ears though you have breathed
  Words that heart to soften;
Still I frankly speak the vow,
  Though I am not near her,
Over all new friendships now
  Hers to me is dearer.

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

Sleepless, while around me slumbers
The broad earth's wearied life:
Veiled are the forest's varied wonders;
Hushed are the wild-bird's thrilling numbers:
Echo now no ear encumbers
With sound of worldly strife.

The sky is cloudless; not a star
Is from my eye obscured,
That, shining brightly from afar
With beauty, time nor change can mar,
Make me to feel how much they are
With poetry endued.

The midnight wind a chilling gloom
Has breathed upon my brow;
As one that's fated, unto whom
There is no rest before the tomb, —
As one that dreads some fearful doom
His fancies half avow.

The hours move on with stealthy pace;
The midnight watch has passed:
But does yon star disclose a trace
Of smiles that played upon my face,
When, starting on Life's unknown race,
I deemed youth's joy would last?

Ah, happy time!—the time of youth,
Ere learning to deceive;
When sportive Fancy seems the truth.
Alas! who cannot say, forsooth,
That age has shown but little ruth
To hopes they did believe?

Remembrance now, with greatest power,
Comes o'er the heart again,
Of those who in a happier hour
Did fain believe no sky would lower
To blast the tender, fragile flower
That bloomed on Friendship's plain.

'Tis morn! From o'er the eastern hills
Peep its first blushing beams;

And nature, woke, the valleys fills
With sweets the morning air distils
From flowers that bloom beside the rills
Which form the greater streams.

Mankind from their sleep, too, are waking;
Night's visions have gone by;
Music on my ear is breaking,
Songs of birds, and zephyrs shaking
Forest trees, most sweetly making
A blended symphony.

SONG.

Cold blew the bleak wind,
  Dark was the day,
When the form I worshipped
  Passed away.

Black came the night on;
  Down fell the rain:
Heaven, in sympathy,
  Wept o'er the plain.

Lone was my sad heart:
  Grief seemed to say,
Love, hope, ambition, — all
  Passed with her away.

Nought now upon the earth
  Lures me to stay:
Yonder an angel hand
  Beckons me away.

CONFIDENCE.

It brings to us both bliss and pride,
When Fortune's smilings leave us,
To know there's nestling at our side
One heart that won't deceive us;
To know, however bleak the sky,
However dark and chilling,
Sharing our gloom, one still is nigh
With cheerful heart and willing; —

To know there is an anxious care
In one breast ever glowing,
Chasing our footsteps everywhere
In this wide world they're going;
Courage, that, whatever ill
O'er us may frown, will dare it,
Till we are rescued, or until
It with ourselves may share it.

TO A FUGITIVE SLAVE REMANDED.

Back to your doom! we cannot now save you;
Back you must go to your master and chain;
Every effort that's made to enslave you,
We are reluctantly bound to sustain.
Only our prayers — heart-prayers — can we lend you:
May they have power to hasten the time
When those who now wish to may dare to befriend you,
And the act be a virtue instead of a crime!

Back to your doom, with heart crushed and bleeding!
And only this hope to illumine your way, —
That henceforth, for you, vain is all interceding
For kindness from those you have dared disobey!

But throughout the long, weary future, whenever
The chain or the lash of the tyrant you feel,
Remember there still are a few who endeavor,
Despite of enactments, to forward your weal.

Yes: while you return, with spirit all broken,
From the life of a freeman to that of a slave,
Remember our words and our vows are the token
Of our law-bound, yet burning, desire to save.
Yes: take to the slave-marts this promise, — that never,
While lingers in bondage but one of thy race,
Will we retract a vow, or relax an endeavor,
To wipe from our nation so deep a disgrace.

TO A BRIDEGROOM.

I BELIEVE she is earnest and true
As the needle is true to the pole:
Not a heart that's unfaithful to you
Can be hers; for she gives you the whole.
Every hope, every thought, every feeling,
All indeed of herself that's divine,
Surrendered beyond all repealing,
Blends her fortune for ever with thine.

She has faith, — the faith that's abiding;
She has hope that no fortune can change;
No star but your own for its guiding;
No reliance that time can estrange.
All sunshine around and above her;
For truth makes the sky always bright:
Indeed, it's no wonder you love her;
No wonder you worship her quite.

PARTING.

One moment more! I cannot go
Without another word from thee,—
Another word, that I may know
Thou ever wilt be true to me.
I ask it in the bonded name
Of many past yet sweet delights
We shared with hearts and hopes the same,
While watching stars last summer-nights.

Although beneath as clear a sky
We sit, and watch their twinkling light,
I'm sure no star to you or I
Is robed in half its charms to-night;
For love is shadowed o'er by fear
Of danger that may chance to be
Concealed within that long, long year
That I must live apart from thee.

But let hope rise to be a star
  Of light, desponding love to cheer,
Which you at home, and I afar,
  May see, and feel each other near.
Though Fate our paths of life divide,
  May we not hope, nor hope in vain,
That both, by time and absence tried,
  With strengthened love, may meet again?

TO _____

Oh! chide me not in words reproving
That my heart, too light and gay,
Careless sports in bootless roving
Half of youth's best hours away.

Oh! remember, youth is fleeting;
Soon its pleasures will be o'er;
And its raptures can a greeting
Bring the sad heart then no more.

Life is full enough of sadness,
E'en when taken at the best:
Age comes on when nought of gladness
Thrills with rapture through the breast.

Yes: for, e'en as we grow older,
Feelings and affections chill;
And the heart grows daily colder,
Calloused o'er by many an ill.

Thoughts and scenes, that bring a pleasure
In the spring-time of our life,
Cease in age to be a treasure, —
Lost, absorbed in worldly strife.

Then, oh! let, while yet before us
Life seems but a sunny way,
While the sky of youth hangs o'er us, —
Let our hearts be light and gay.

OLD LETTERS.

Read them, if only to bring back the past
Once more, with its friends and friendships to view,
From out of the shadow which old Time has cast
O'er first dreams of happiness earnest and true.
Read them, though age may have wrinkled thy brow,
And sprinkled thy hair all profusely with gray:
Though severed the chain of past happiness now,
Links that are left of it surely are they.

Read them: thy heart must indeed have grown cold,
And hardened withal, if it feels not a thrill
Of regret for affection by them so well told,
And whose place in thy heart perhaps other loves fill.

The same light of pleasure which once they imparted
These words of an old friend should give thee again;
As they did long ago when both were true-hearted,
And the joys of each one were the joys of the twain.

THE LAW OF ATTRACTION.

I saw but once that eye of blue:
  Mere accident it was that brought it,
With all its liquid light, unto
  The windows, as I paused and caught it.
Just like a star, it shone between
  The blinds, that merely stood asunder
Enough to let its ray be seen
  By one, like me, who travelled under.

Spell-bound, I paused a trifling pause, —
  Not longer, may be, than a minute:
I cannot now explain the cause;
  But still there was much rapture in it.
Although she quickly did withdraw,
  Whene'er she saw me looking at her,
I learned this truth, — that Newton's law
  Rules eyes as well as earthy matter.

A PICTURE.

The sunny hills, — how gay are they!
The laughing rills look bright to-day;
The air is clear; no zephyrs play;
But all is calm and bright and gay.

Just see before yon cottage-door
That youthful group, as, gamb'ling o'er
The grassy plain, they sport away
The hours of this most lovely day.

Look where you will, o'er valley, hill,
O'er lake or lawn or rippling rill,
Each object fair that meets the eye
With each in beauty seems to vie.

But, hark! the thunder's deafening crash,
The lightning's quick and vivid flash,
Burst forth upon this beauteous scene
With rumbling roar and fiery sheen.

And now the rain falls thick and fast;
The wind sweeps by, — a dreary blast;
The gloomy clouds o'erhang the sky;
And man and beast for shelter fly.
How like this scene is human life!
At times, no care, no toil, no strife,
Disturbs our light and happy way;
But all is calm and bright and gay.
Again o'er life's fair scene is cast
The gloomy cloud and threatening blast:
'Tis then that we for shelter fly,
And find it only from on high.

TO A TALL GIRL.

I MET you but once; yet never
Will my eyes the bright vision forget:
Like a star that shines brightly for ever,
In the sky of my heart you are set.

By night, when I dream of past pleasure,
To my bedside on tiptoe you steal,
Saying, "Dearest, my height is the measure
Of the true love for you that I feel."

TO A VAIN GIRL.

You are pretty enough, the Lord knows,
In form, in feature, or face;
And I'll warrant — for thus the world goes —
You believe that you are quite "a grace;"—

Or "angel," whose wings are not grown
Sufficiently long yet to fly
To a region more purely your own
Than this which you now occupy.

TO A PRETTY GIRL.

You came here to gladden our eyes
With beauty so artless and free,
That of course it can give no surprise
If we offer true homage to thee.

For, while seeming yourself not to know
How completely our hearts you enchain,
Your eloquent eyes speak; and so,
If we try not to love you, 'tis vain.

BATTLE-SONG OF UNCAS.

Rouse, ye warriors! rouse to battle!
Bind the quiver on the back;
Let the fierce, revengeful war-whoop
Echo on the foeman's track.

Paint the face, and scar the features;
Don the lordly eagle's plume;
Fix the hatchet in the girdle;
Shout the foeman's fearful doom.

Let the scalping-knife be sharpened,
That each mighty brave may bear
At his belt, as honored trophies,
Reeking locks of foeman's hair.

Swear to bravely do, or perish
In our tribe's revengeful strife:
Blood for blood we will repay them,
Scalp for scalp, and life for life.

Let the thought of wigwam burning,
And of squaw and pappoose fair,
By the foeman fired and butchered,
Nerve the heart to do and dare.

So, when our revenge is glutted
By the heaps of hostile slain,
And in foeman's blood we've blotted
From our tribe the hated stain, —

Chiefs and sages of all nations,
At their council-fires, shall tell
How the braves of fair Mohegan
Fiercely fought, and bravely fell.

HUMBUG.

A SONNET.

INFLATED prince! thy right is undisputed,
By red republican, democrat, or tory,
To reign supreme in all thy "Buncombe" glory.
Though it is true thy ranks are still recruited
From every race, and are all hues and sizes;
Yet still what most philosophers surprises
Is, that they all so bravely cling together
In every kind of work and every kind of weather.
No treason in thy camp; mankind in wonder
Gazes upon thy banners, which the whole air fills,
And dearly bow unto thy wordy thunder,
Pealed in defence of either laws or pills.
Dearly they bow; for, though you kindly make them,
They, as true subjects, are obliged to take them.

INTOLERANCE.

Despite of the long preambles
That our laws of state display, —
Making fair unto all the promise,
Ye shall worship as ye may, —

There lingers the feud unchristian
That of old raged the sects among;
Though its spirit, then shown in battle,
Now bitterly fights with the tongue.

And the question is not quite idle
Which some are disposed to ask:
Is the bad world's reformation
Not rather a hopeless task, —

So long as the mild forbearance
The Saviour's doctrines teach,
In their crusades 'gainst one another,
Are forgotten by those who preach?

TO LIZZIE.

Dreaming of thee by night, love,
And thinking of thee by day,
Hath come to be such delight, love,
I powerless yield to its sway.
Sleep hath no "daggers" to wound, love;
Toil is bereft of its sting;
Since unto thee, swift bound, love,
Doth every thought take wing.

What were my life without thee?
A struggle devoid of an aim;
Seeking to gather about me
The riches of earth, or its fame.
Ne'er would I strive to attain them,
Daring toil and danger to meet,
But for this hope, — should I gain them,
Fling them I may at thy feet.

All I have felt of past pleasure,
  All that I hope will be mine
In years yet to be, I may measure
  By this love thou giv'st me of thine.
And, if to my earnest endeavor
  Dame Fortune should bountiful be,
Success, in what shape soever,
  My heart will attribute to thee.

CONSTANCY.

Methought, dear friend! that time had changed
The ties and sympathies of yore;
And that our hearts, from love estranged,
Would hold communion never more.

'Tis but to grasp again thy hand,
And gaze into thine earnest eyes,
To feel that love still holds command;
That pure affection never dies.

Unlike to passion's sudden gush,
Which, as a streamlet swollen by rain,
A moment raves with raging rush,
Then sinks to nothingness again.

It dieth not; but, calm and slow,
Like some broad stream whose waters roll
To ocean with unceasing flow,
It courses changeless through the soul.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

The mother of Love has compelled me
At thy feet, fair Glycēra, to bow;
And fetters that formerly held me
Are fastened more rigidly now.
Inflamed by thy wonderful beauty,
I bask in the light of thy smile,
Neglectful of every duty
That calls for my efforts the while.

In vain would I sing of the glory
That Scythian heroes have won;
For my song will revert to the story
That tells all the mischief you've done.
Deserting her island of roses, —
Her Cyprus afar in the sea, —
Venus comes, and this mandate discloses,
That I give up my whole heart to thee.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

Dost thou love me, dear Kate, — dost thou love me?
To this question an answer pray make;
For I swear, by the bright stars above me,
If you do not, my heart it will break.
I've been stretched on the rack of suspension
All silent and hopeless so long,
That my brain, overtaxed by the tension,
Can find poor relief in a song.

If you love me, dear Kate, let me hear you;
If you do, or you do not, speak out;
For, the Lord knows, I cannot be near you,
And be thus encompassed by doubt.
Soft answers and quiet hand-squeezes
I cannot now longer endure;
And, though my blunt frankness displeases,
I must have from you pledges more sure.

Do you love me, dear Kate? Will you not, love,
Give in answer an honest reply;
And, in sensible English, tell what, love,
Are the chances on which I rely?
Long years have I dallied and dangled
At your heels wherever you went;
And it's time our "love-snarl" was untangled
And adjusted by mutual consent.

TO _____

A song for thee, dearest,
I send from afar,
Where my feet have been roaming
Without guide or star.
Wilt thou set it to music,
And sing when I come,
Disheartened, world-weary,
Back, back to our home?

Let the tune be a zephyr,
Melodious and free,
As true unto nature
As thou art to me,
Which thy soul can embrace
As if 'twere a friend,
And my words and thy music
In melody blend.

Not a sad tune nor gay one,
  But half-way between:
High gladness, deep sorrow,
  Let it intervene,
That so it interprets
  By musical art
How we laugh when we meet,
  And shed tears when we part.

DEDICATION TO A COMMONPLACE BOOK.

HERE is a book devoted to the whims
Of every fish that in Life's water swims:
The poet here may let his fancy loose,
And in soft numbers prove he's not a goose;
Here may the artist try his gifted power,
And mayhap while away a pleasant hour;
The sportsman, too, shall ever find a place
His merry thoughts and stirring scenes to trace.
And oh that I should be so late to sing
How prized will be verse, prose,—ay, any thing,—
From you, fair ones! who make a heaven of earth,
And, smiling, turn our sadness into mirth!
Art, prose, philosophy, whate'er
The fancy prompts, may be recorded here;
Whate'er the author's name will not disgrace
Is suited to this "Book of Commonplace."

All, all are welcome ; and 'tis all the same
If you, for lack of wit, but leave your name.
Then turn, kind reader ! turn you from this scrawl,
And join this literary fancy-ball :
Whatever *character* you'd represent,
With it the *managers* will be content.

A LOVE-SONG.

When the stars are all out in the sky, love,
With the moon, their fair guardian, too,
Wilt thou give him a thought or a sigh, love,
Who in both has been faithful to you?
Wilt thou breathe to the east wind, that bloweth
Towards the land where his footsteps have strayed,
A prayer, that, wherever he goeth,
His journey be happily made?

When the night-bird is singing its song, love,
At midnight alone to its mate,
Wilt thou sit by thy window, and long, love,
For one they have told thee to hate?
Wilt thou not, when dark rumor comes nearest,
Thy faith with its venom to kill,
Defy all the slander thou hearest,
And give him thy confidence still?

Thou wilt; for in fancy he hears, love,
Thy prayer on the east wind to-night;
And sees through his own thy tears, love,
Fall and flash in the moonbeam's light.
Though falsehood and slander pursue, love,
His footsteps wherever they stray,
No more will he doubt thou art true, love,
To the vows of an happier day.

THE SIGH.

I BRING relief to the imprisoned grief
Of the mother's anxious breast,
As her watch she keeps where her infant sleeps,
By the clods of the graveyard pressed.
When the bosom heaves, as the wanderer leaves
The warm embrace of home,
And o'er ocean's track looks sadly back,
'Tis I to his lips that come.

From the breast of Love I'm breathed to prove
The depth of the blind god's dart:
Though my words are few, yet they're always true;
For they come alone from the heart.
'Mid the battle's smoke, by me is spoke
The warrior's last regret,
That he roamed so far for that treacherous star
In Glory's chaplet set.

I'm the magic glass, on which then pass
Before his glazing eyes
The sunny beams and golden dreams
Of childhood and its skies;
The forest-glade, where his footsteps strayed;
The cottage-home, beneath
Those clustering vines that around it twines
In many a flowery wreath.

I humble power in its proudest hour
By my gentle, sad refrain;
And the passion-wiles, that the cloistered aisles
Of the scheming breast contain,
I make to wither, as I hasten thither
With Pity by my side;
And with earnestness, yet tenderness,
Softly, softly chide.

HEROIC.

Art thou of heroic mould,
Thou hast chance to do
Deeds as great as those of old
Coming down to you.
Earth in bounteousness spreads out
Many a field to win:
Would you go bereft of doubt,
And the strife begin?

Where the parching desert-sand
Glares beneath the sun, —
Where the skill of mind or hand
Nothing yet has done
To transform the dust and dearth
Into golden grain, —
Go; for there is fame that's worth
Labor to attain.

Where the tyrant's blight has passed
O'er thy brother's home;
And the joys that freedom hast,
If ever, seldom come:
When with grief his heart despairs,
And his eyes are dim,
Be thou, with thy hopes and prayers,
Hero unto him.

Shame to say thou hast no chance
In these latter days;
Shame to yield to old romance
All true hero-ways.
Now, when freely earth spreads out
Many fields to win,
Would you go bereft of doubt,
And the strife begin?

ABSENCE.

Lonely and sad is thy lover to-night,
Though he strive 'mid the throng to be gay;
For his fond heart it may not, it cannot, be light,
When thou, love, art far, far away.

Deserted and lone, like the sentinel-star,
As it waits for the dawning of day,
His soul is aweary, thus wandering afar
From the friend of his bosom away.

How welcome is sleep to his sorrowing heart!
For then, all unfettered and free,
His spirit it hastes from its home to depart,
And hies swift away, love, to thee.

Ah! then to thy bosom, so warm and so true,
By thy lily-white hand he is pressed;
And forgot are the cares and the sorrows he knew,
As he pillows his head on thy breast.

But, alas! the dear vision, too precious to last,
With the sleep of the dreamer decays;
For the morning must break, and a veil must be cast
O'er the realms of the fairies and fays.

'Tis then that he turns on his pillow to grasp
The bright fleeting fancy again;
But it cometh not back, and he striveth to clasp
The blissful deception in vain.

One thought alone cheers the long, weary day, —
Sweetly soothes every sorrow and pain;
Like a bright star of glory, it gleams o'er his way:
'Tis the blest thought of meeting again.

MY NATIVE STREAM.

I LOVE thy stream, Connecticut;
I love to wander o'er thy strand,
And muse, as flow thy waters past,
Bright river of my native land!

Here, by thy shore, in days gone by,
The forest-children loved to roam;
Thy rolling stream their loved retreat,
Thy beauteous vale their chosen home.

Well loved the forest-daughter by
Thy stream to sport her hours away;
And in her only mirror, thee,
To watch the witchery of her way.

But they are gone: along thy vale
No more is heard their battle-cry;
No more the smoke of wigwam curls
In graceful beauty to the sky.

Another race thy valley tills;
And other lords, proud stream! are thine:
Still onward rolls thy swelling tide,—
Still seeks as erst the ocean's brine.

Like thee, the joys pure friendship gives—
Though pains and pleasures come and go,
Though sorrows thicken round our path—
Are ever constant in their flow.

TO A ROBIN.

Welcome, robin! welcome, robin!
Welcome to thy haunts again, —
To the upland, to the meadow,
To the shadowy forest glen!

For thy lay is one of gladness, —
One so happy, free of art,
It dispels whate'er of sadness,
There has gathered o'er my heart

In the long past weary winter, —
Oh! it has been very long, —
Since I heard thy morning carol,
Or thy witching evening song.

Welcome, then! thrice-hearty welcome!
Since with thee comes back the showers
To the budding leaf and blossom,
And to me those happy hours

When the air is filled with music,
Floating over hill and lea;
But, of all its sounds, the sweetest
Is the note that's trilled by thee.

THE MEMORIES OF YOUTH.

Bright, bright are the pleasures
  Of childhood's gay hours;
Nor happier the warblers
  That sing 'mid the bowers
Than its moments of rapture,
  Its freedom and truth:
Oh! bright, and yet sad, are
  The memories of youth.

Yes, they brighten the soul
  When we think of its joys,
And remember the time
  We were gay, laughing boys;
When in freedom we sported
  O'er hill and o'er plain,
And act in our fancy
  Its scenes o'er again.

Yet, as mourns the sad Indian —
The lonely and last —
O'er the doom of his race,
O'er the fate of the past;
So it saddens to think
That our spring-time is o'er, —
That the pleasures of childhood
Shall greet us no more.

Yet the heart of that Indian
With pleasure rebounds,
As he hopes soon to roam
'Mid those blest "hunting-grounds."
So let us, as the pleasures
Of youth fade away,
Live in hopes of those joys
That shall know no decay.

A KIND WORD.

A LITTLE gem from thy heart's mine,
Its gift above all else I prize;
And, ever since it came from thine,
Close to my heart it safely lies.

There, valued for the motive pure
That prompted thee to give unsought,
It shall for ever be secure,
Protected by endearing thought.

The echo of a heavenly voice, —
That when all else forsook me near,
Bidding my lonely heart rejoice, —
This welcome word came to my ear.

Oh! they know not, who seem to view
Earth's love but as a thing of art,
How much one word like thee may do
In many a sad and stricken heart.

A STUDENT'S IDEA OF COMFORT.

'Tis my idea of comfort
To sit in the easy-chair
Of a student's quiet study,
With none to disturb me there,
When the light of lamp and ember
Is flickering faint and low,
And one cannot but remember
The friends of long ago.

They mistake who think that pleasure
Can be but where eyes are bright;
Since my cup has had its measure,
When alone of an autumn-night,
As I listened to the creaking blinds,
And shaking of the pane;
As the wind swept round the corner,
And pattered loud the rain.

As for me, 'tis all enjoyment,
This quiet talk of late
With friends my fancy pictures
In my study's glowing grate.
We have no worded compliments,
No loud regards; but yet,
In these our silent cómmunings,
There's much I can't forget.

DESPAIR.

Despair, you have come to the wrong place to-day
To barter your products of sadness and gloom;
And, knock at my heart's door as hard as you may,
If you listen, you'll hear from within the clear "Nay!"
I open not now, since I know unto whom.

You may stand in the rain till it drenches your skin,
And plead for a shelter you no more will get:
Though you catch your death-cold, I care not a pin:
You had better be dead, than living within
The heart where your footsteps are unerased yet.

It is hard, no doubt it is quite hard, to bear
At the door of a warm heart thy venomous sting,
And feel, that, despite of thy burdens of care,
That heart is too wise those burdens to share,
And can give thee thy déserts, detestable thing!

TO ———

———

They tell me youth can never feel
A passion like to love;
Can never know the pangs that have
Their origin above.

It may be so; perhaps this heart
Ne'er felt the "blind god's" power:
But if on thee to think by day;
To dream at midnight hour;—

To wish thee all the joy that earth,
And heaven above, can give;
To dwell with rapture on thy words,
And in thy image live,—

Be love, then I have known its power;
Have felt its burning ray;
Have had its madness in my brain;
Have bowed before its sway.

Oh! say, hath ne'er one kindly glow
Of feeling, all for me,
Ne'er stirred thy soul? and is it still
From every passion free?

MY BOOK.

Come here, old honest friend, — "my book," —
This winter-night, so drear and cold;
Come here, from out thy dusty nook,
And chat with me as wont of old.
My lamp, grown dim, I will retrim;
My fire shall be replenished too;
For this is meet when two friends greet,
And such two friends as I and you.

My life has changed since last we met,
Long years ago, — that summer-time
When every hour my thoughts were set
To music breathed in thy sweet rhyme.
My life has changed; but still a place
I've kept within my heart for thee;
And, of my former friends, no face
Would now than thine more welcome be.

Nor is this strange, when I reflect
How thoughtless late I've been of you,
Who, in despite of cold neglect,
Have always unto me been true;
Who always had some word of cheer
Just fitting for my mood of mind,
And one that I believed sincere,
As it was just and pure and kind.

Then leave, old friend, thy dusty place;
Bring back the light of happier days;
And, as we sit thus face to face,
Rechant to me thy charming lays;
For they have power to wean my heart
From worshipping at Mammon's shrine
By many a gem which poet-art
Hath formed from truths and thoughts divine.

A LOGHOUSE LYRIC.

Let us sigh not at cold weather;
But, with cheery hearts and stout,
Let us put our wits together,
And contrive to keep it out.
Many "cracks," that now are catching
All the autumn-wind that blows,
With a very little patching,
It completely would oppose.

We may cluster round, and shiver
O'er, the scanty coals that glow
On our hearthstone; yet that never
Will protect us from our foe.
We may fan each dying ember,
And for friends' assistance wait;
Still I think we'd best remember
That it often comes too late.

Though our wants are often many,
We can really make them few;
For we know the best of any
Just how little ought to do.
For we know that purest pleasure
Is neither bought nor lent;
But is a priceless treasure,
That cometh from content.

A COMPLAINT.

My heart is sad and lonely all;
  My soul is sick from sorrow:
The present brings no pleasant thoughts,
  And dreary looks the morrow.

I seem an outcast in the world,
  A wretch among my fellows:
No present joy, no future hope,
  Life's landscape sweetly mellows.

In vain I guard a heart that's frail;
  In vain I watch its weakness;
For every sunny spot that's there
  Is turned to barren bleakness.

But, oh! its load it cannot bear,
  It cannot brook, for ever:
Ere long, the hand of grim Despair
  Its cord of life must sever.

Oh! then, deal kindly with its weakness,
Lest, if driven to despair,
None, in all its barren bleakness, —
None can know what it may dare.

THE MISSIVE.

To that sweet home among the hills
  Go freighted with my earnest love,
And tell to her the thought that fills
  My weary heart where'er I rove.
Go, talk with her, when none are nigh, —
  And of my words no meaning miss, —
Of shadowed brow and tearful eye,
  Of beating heart and phantom kiss.

To that sweet home go, wanderer, go!
  And to its inmate's bosom bear
The words that only she may know,
  The lonely sigh, the heartfelt prayer.
Go, take to her my thought, which brings
  Her sacred image often near;
And ask, amid thy questionings,
  If I, as once, am still as dear.

Go, sit with her beneath the boughs
  Of the large linden near the lake,
Where first we met, and uttered vows,
  And promised that not one should break.
Go, talk with her, and tell her, "No!
  The roamer never will forget
That votive pledge of long ago:
  His hope and faith are in it yet."

HOME-HAPPINESS.

Success, O Love! our toil hath crowned;
Our star of life at last is bright;
The treasure which we sought is found:
Then let us count it o'er to-night,
When there are no rude gazers near
To steal a glance of that pure gold
For years we have been hoarding here,
And which is happiness all told.

Oh! those were days of dubious light
When with despair we boldly strove;
Our only armor for the fight,
The close-linked mail of mutual love;
When both our hearts did fondly yearn
Towards aspirations pure and high,
And made resolve to fairly earn
The home we were too poor to buy.

And we have reached, at last, success;
'Tis here to-night the gem we prize:
I feel it in thy warm caress,
And see it in thy telltale eyes.
The doubts and fears, the toil of years,
All, all indeed that went amiss,
Give place to joy that now endears
Our home to us with purest bliss.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

'Tis night! and, oh! 'tis such a night
As fills the soul with dread;
For mournful howls the driving blast,
Like wailings o'er the dead.

All, all without is dark and drear;
No stars in kindness gleam;
The silver moon lends not her light;
And blackness rules supreme.

The earth's in icy fetters bound;
All nature's cold and dead;
Sharp cuts the cold, — the piercing cold;
Fierce howls the storm o'erhead.

And, oh! on such a night as this,
Ye men of goodly store,
When sitting by your firesides bright,
Remember then the poor; —

And think, as howls the storm without,
As drives the bleak wind past,
How many of thy fellow-men,
From want, will breathe their last.

And canst thou think on this unmoved,
Nor feel a pitying glow,
When but a trifle from thy wealth
Might stay the hand of woe?

Then give, give kindly, to the poor;
Relieve their want and pain:
Be sure thy treasure thus bestowed
Shall tenfold come again.

"SHE SLEEPS."

She sleeps in the wildwood, away
From the noise of the world and its strife;
She sleeps where the light zephyrs play,
And Nature with beauty is rife;—

Where the sweet forest-birds she delighted to hear,
Ere to her was the sleep of the tomb,
Above her their carols sing merry and clear;
Where flowers are brightest in bloom.

And thither to come there are few that stray;
Still fewer, perhaps, that care
For the fate of one, unknown to the gay,
Who sleeps for ever there.

She sleeps alone; but she sleeps as well
As if thousands bent o'er her to sigh,
Or the sculptured stone had been reared to tell
Her name to the passer-by.

LETTERS.

Angels that visit us, bringing the hands
And hearts of our friends to cheer us
When we are away in stranger lands,
And none that we love are near us:
Angels that bring us what we most crave, —
The food of our every endeavor;
The love that pursueth o'er mountain and wave
The roamer, forsaking him never:

Angels that visit us, — angels of hope;
That breathe on our efforts the blessing
Of home; the prayer, that we fail not to cope
With dangers that round us are pressing:
Angels that bring to us duly the call
Which affection doth send us delaying, —
"Come home!" 'tis the prayer of each and of all;
"Oh! why need you be longer staying?"

THOUGHTS AT SUNSET.

As, at the peaceful close of day,
The golden sunlight fades away
Until its last faint, glimmering ray
  Is swallowed up in night;
So, soon our day of life shall close,
And we shall sink to soft repose
Where blooms the lily and the rose,
  And quenched shall be our light.

But all unlike shall set each sun,
According to the race we've run;
According as we've lost or won
  That all-important fight
That man is placed on earth to wage
In every clime, in every age,
And girding on his arms to engage
  For virtue and for right.

For as in gloom the sunlight dies,
And threatening clouds o'erspread the skies,
And stormy winds and tempests rise,
That fierce and madly rave;
So goes the sinner to his tomb
In deep despair, in fear and gloom,
With no exemption from his doom,
No hope beyond the grave.

But as in glory sinks to rest
The golden day-god in the west,
With crimson shield and purple crest
Reflected on the sky;
So fades the Christian's glorious light,
As cheered by hopes and prospects bright,
With all the joys of heaven in sight,
He lays him down to die.

THE BACHELOR'S MISTAKE.

Oh! once it was my soul's delight
To boast of living single;
Alone at ease to sit at night,
Away from jar and jingle.

Ah! what a blessed life, thought I,
Is this that I am passing!
No noisy brats with hue and cry
My peaceful hours harassing; —

No household cares to vex my mind;
No partner round me scolding;
No hopeful sons my back behind
Their mischief-councils holding; —

No paltry shopping to be done,
That wives are always doing:
"A penny, papa, — only one:"
Was free from all such wooing.

Methought I was a happy man,
My prime Havana smoking;
And, ah! ha, ha! the marriage-ban!
I named it but in joking.

But 'tis in vain: upon my life
I've come to this conclusion,
That life without a loving wife
Is full of sad confusion.

For once a lass did bait a hook,
To "*nibble*" oft besought me;
And, by her words, her way, her look,
At last, I vow, she caught me.

I find, now I'm a married man,
My former reasonings folly:
Let men be bachelors they who can:
I couldn't; could I, Molly?

JEALOUSY.

Give not the cruel thought its sway,
Lest, seared and blighted, pine away
The hopes and joys we cherish;
And warm affection at its birth,
And all that makes a heaven of earth,
By foul suspicion perish.

THE CHARGE.

Shouts on the sulphurous air;
And death-strokes thick and fast;
And a wilder beat in breasts that dare
The war-cloud's scathing blast.
With frenzy glares each eye;
While bursts in a blended breath
From the serried ranks the charging cry,
Victory or death!

The rushing wave of life
Rolls onward to its doom;
And nought is heard but the sound of strife
From out the gathered gloom.
The clash of steel, and the battle-yell,
The hour has given birth,
Are strangely blent with the sad farewell
The dying make to earth.

And through the coming night,
Where yester saw such quiet,
Ah! hear the wails of the maimed in fight, —
Sad wrecks of the battle's riot!
Hands uplifted clasp,
As life's red fountain dries;
And, o'er the plain, the dying gasp
In death's last agonies.

And thus, 'mid hellish deeds,
Is won the soldier's fame:
Yet what, forsooth, to him who bleeds,
The prestige of a name?
With curses on his lips,
And hatred in his heart,
What an awful hour for life's eclipse, —
For his soul from earth to part!

But will this never cease?
Does not the time draw near
When always the bloom and smile of peace
Shall light this earthly sphere? —

When nations shall be friends,
Each willing to maintain
This pledge, — that war, which sadly rends,
Shall ne'er be loosed again?

NATURE'S SOLITUDE.

Where the murmuring brooklet's stealing
Through the silent, shady glen,
Now its waters bright revealing,
Now 'midst verdure lost again ; —

Where the bustle, din, and rattle
Of the busy world around
Yields to silence, save the prattle
Of the songsters, — merry sound ! —

Where the lonely wild-flower, springing
Undisturbed by mortal tread,
Pérfume on the breezes flinging,
Meekly lifts its modest head ; —

Where Dame Nature undisputed
O'er her rural empire reigns ;
Where cool breezes, unpolluted,
Waft their fragrance o'er the plains ; —

There I love to wander, musing
At the peaceful close of day,
Nature's varied charms perusing,
Half concealed by shadows gray.

There my mind is ever turning
'Mid the scenes of worldly care;
And my soul is ever yearning
To forget its sorrows there.

There, when life at last is ended,
Where no stranger-steps intrude,
I would sleep, my rest defended
By calm Nature's solitude.

AN EPITAPH.

KIND reader! pause; set mirth aside;
Let serious things thy thoughts engage;
For here, in death, neglected lies
The bottom of the page.

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